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To Rev. J. MacDougall D.D.
from Rev. R. S. S. Anderson B.D.
Isle of Whithorn
Mar 16. 1923. Scotland.

# Canadian National Songs

Canadian National Sound

# THE PRIZE SONGS.

In April, 1898, the Montreal 'Witness' offered four prizes of $50, $25, $15 and $10 respectively for the four best national songs sent in before Aug. 1, 1898. In response to this offer over seven hundred songs were received, some coming from England, South Africa, Australia and even the United States. These were sent to the three Canadian judges to selected from among them the ten best. These ten were then sent to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, whose final decision is given in the accompanying letter:

Clandeboye, County Down, Ireland,
Feb. 3, 1899.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your communication of the 6th of January, in which you are good enough to ask for my decision as to the four best songs out of the ten submitted to my judgment, I beg to append, in what appears to be their relative order of merit, a list of those I have selected. I think it, however, right to add that the comparative superiority of any one of them over the others must be regarded as very slight. I return you herewith the entire set.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Relative order of merit of first four poems:—

1. 'Canada Forever.'
2. 'Canada Fair.'
3. 'National Song,' by Ceres.
4. 'Hymn to Canada.'

DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Feb. 3, 1899.

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# CANADA FOREVER!

MISS A. M. MACHAR, ('FIDELIS'), KINGSTON, ONT.

Our Canada, strong, fair and free,
Whose sceptre stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
And front the polar star;—
Not for thy greatness—hardly known—
Wide plains, or mountains grand,
But as we claim thee for our own,
We love our native land.

God bless our mighty forest land
Of mountain, lake, and river,—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

Wrapped in thy dazzling robe of snow,
We proudly call thee ours,
We crown thee, when the south winds blow,
'Our Lady of the Flowers!'
We love thy rainbow-tinted skies,—
The glamor of thy Spring,—
For us, thine Autumn's gorgeous dyes,
For us, thy song-birds sing.

God bless our fair Canadian land,
Of mountain, lake, and river,—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

For us, thy brooding summer wakes
The corn-fields' waving gold,
The quiet pastures, azure lakes,
For us, their treasures hold,
To us each hill and dale is dear,
Each rock and stream and glen,
Thy scattered homes of kindly cheer,
Thy busy haunts of men.

God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake, and river,—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

Our sires their old traditions brought,
Their lives of faithful toil,
For home and liberty they fought,
On our Canadian soil:
Quebec to us is sacred still,
Nor less is Lundy's Lane,—
Long may a loyal people fill
The land they fought to gain.

God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake, and river,—
Thy loyal sons, from strand to strand,
Sing, 'Canada Forever.'

Saxon and Celt and Norman we:
Each race its memory keeps,
Yet o'er us all, from sea to sea,
One red-cross banner sweeps.
Long may our 'Greater Britain' stand
The bulwark of the free;
But Canada, our own dear land,
Our first love is for thee!

God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake, and river,—
The chorus ring from strand to strand
Of 'Canada Forever.'

L.D.

# CANADA FAIR!

## A Canadian National Hymn.

JOHN MACFARLANE (JOHN ARBORY), WESTMOUNT.

I.

Canada fair! in the hour of thy being,
Bright shone the day-star of hope from on high,
Cradled and blest by the Father All-seeing,
Nurtured wert thou by the earth and the sky;
Not the war-weapon as sceptre thou bearest,
Bent to thy task of the northland to tame,
Love-lit and proud of the names that thou wearest,
Montcalm and Wolfe on the crest of thy fame.

Chorus:

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair!

II.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the future that's calling,
Fondly afar in the dim ways of Time:
'Fear not tho' nations around thee are falling,
Dare and endure in thy fresh-flowing prime;
Strong in the hostage of old that thou gavest,
*Courage sublime for thy millions to be*
Laurel'd and loved by the hearts of the bravest
Crowned by the strength and the will to be free.'

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair!

III.

'Trust not the false gleam of hate-breathing passion,
Fire-flashing glory of sword and of shield,
Guided by wisdom to plan and to fashion,
Destined by genius to make and to wield,
Thine be the wealth of thy plains glowing golden,
Sunlit and waving from ocean to sea,
Trophies of thought, and high deeds that embolden—
Dower of the years and the ages for thee.'

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-kings and lords of romance,
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Canada Fair!

# CANADA FAIR!

## A Canadian National Hymn.

[illegible] WAMBAUGH, [illegible] GEORGE'S ARBOR, — WESTBROOK, ME.

I.

Canada fair, O thou born of lofty being,
Bright above the day-star of hope from on high,
Called and chosen by the Father All-seeing,
Nurtured were thou by the earth and the sky;
Yet the wanderers as secure thine heritage,
But in thy task of the mortal to tame,
Love-lit and proud of the ranges that their wonted,
Mountain and Valle on the crest of the time.

Chorus:

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of seaships and lords of romance,
Triumphs of peace be thine heritage ever,
Free on the pathway of light to advance,
Canada Fair!

II.

Hail! thy the pride of the nations that's calling,
Kindly also in the dim ways of Time:
Peer not the nations around thee are falling,
Dare and endure in the fresh-flowing prime,
Strong in the honour of old that thy sacred,
Chosen [illegible] the day [illegible] to be
Learnéd and loved by the hearts of the bravest
Crowned by the [illegible] and the will to be free.

Queen of the pinewood, the lake and the river,
Daughter of sea-lines and lords of romance,
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Trust not the false gleam of fair-breathing passion,
Fire-flashing glory of sword and of shield,
Guided by wisdom to plan and to fashion,
Destined by genius to tame and to wield,
Thine be the wealth of thy plains glowing golden,
Small and waving from ocean to sea,
Trophies of thought, and high deeds that embolden—
Power of the years and the eyes for thee.

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Canada Fair!

# NATIONAL SONG.

R. G. S. ANDERSON, ('CERES'), WROXETER, ONT.

Hail to the Northland that cradles a nation,
  Lusty and strong as the masts of her pines,
Queen of her own, she reigns in her station,
  Mother of freemen she sits in her lines.
    God save the land we love,
    Make her forever prove
Mother of men, and a home of the free.
    Let every patriot son
    Sing, while the ages run:
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'

Honor the land where the knightliest races
  Battled as foemen to win her as prize,
Sons of these bold men we sit in their places,
  Brothers forever by surest of ties.
    God guard the land we hold,
    Firm as our sires of old,
Jealous of honor, and fearless, and free,
    Standing with arms at rest,
    Call we from east to west:
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'

Blest be our land that has written in story,
  Names that are worthy, and deeds that inspire;
Long may her place in the roll-call of glory
  Wake a true pride with the patriot's fire.
    God ring the Empire round;
    But let our sons be found
Marching breast forward, the first of the free.
    True to the larger house,
    Still shall we give the rouse:
'Canada, Motherland! Our heart beats for thee.'

# NATIONAL SONG.

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R. G. S. ANDERSON, COBOURG, WROXETER, ONT.

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# HYMN TO CANADA.

KATHARINE L. MACPHERSON, (KAY LIVINGSTONE), MONTREAL.

O Canada, thy regal head
  Lift higher to the skies,
Pride with humility be wed,
  Deep in thy tender eyes.
Stand forth to a more honored place,
  Proud though thy past hath been,
Stand forth and vindicate thy race,
  Thou Daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean,
  In living beauty sprang,
And stood without emotion
  Whilst heaven with plaudits rang.
So thou, my own dear land, arose,
  Far on the western sea,
In graces all adorned for those
  Long sighing to be free.

Thou art a hope the toiler hides
  Within his heart—a star
That many a weary foot still guides
  From hill and vale afar!
On plains to which the streams flow down,
  In forest and by sea,
They live anew in hopes that crown
  This land of liberty.

Think what thy storied past hath been,
  Thy guarded, ancient lore,
The deeds thy former years have seen,
  Remembered evermore!
For thee, a babe of nations,
  The best of blood was spilt,
And firmly thy foundations
  On heroes' bones were built.

O Canada, unworthy
  Of them thou shalt not be,
All noble aims to further
  The constant care of thee
Till in the van a leader call'd
  Of foremost power thou'lt stand,
A people's faith, like city wall'd,
  Safe in thy honored hand.